

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Shew you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome masters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends; oh old friend! why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard mee in *Denmarke*? what my young Lady and Mistresse! my Lady your Ladyship is neerer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice, like a peece of uncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: masters you are all welcome, wee'll e'en to't like friendly Faukn'rs, flye at any thing wee see, wee'll have a speech strait, come give us a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was never a-ded, or if it was, not above once, for the play I remember pleased not the million, 'twas caviary to the generall, but it was as I received it and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no fallies in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but call'd it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine; one speech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it live in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'ircanian Beast, 'tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, hee whose sable armes,

Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now his dread and blacke complexion smear'd
With Heraldry more dismall head to foot:
Now is he totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and embasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their Lords murder, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cis'd with coagulate gore,

Prince of I

With eyes like Carbuncle, t
Old granfire *Priam* seekes;

Pol. Fore God my Lord we

Play. Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeke

Rebellious to his arme, lyes

Repugnant to command; un

Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in

But with the whiffe and win

Th'unnerved father falls.

Seeming to feele this blow,

Stoops to his base, and with

Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus* ear

Which was declining on the

Of reverent *Priam*, seem'd

So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrh*

Like a neutrall to his willan

Did nothing:

But as we often see against

A silence in the heavens, the

The bold wind speechlesse, a

As hush as death, anon the

Doth rend the region: so aft

A rowed vengeance sets him

And never did the Cyclops l

On *Mars*, his armour, forg'd

With lesse remorse than *Pyrr*

Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou strumpet For

In generall synod take away

Breake all the spokes and fel

And boule the round nave d

As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ha. It shall to the Barbers

for a jig, or a tale of bawdry,

Play. But who, ah woe hac

Ham. The mobled Queen

With